Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speaks much of her Father, sayes she heares
There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speaks things in doubt
That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
Which as winks and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
Indeed would make one thinke there might be thought
Though nothing sure, yet much vnhappily.

Hora. T'were good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my sicke soule, as sins true nature is,
'Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
'So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
'It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of *Denmark*?

Quee. How now *Ophelia*. *She sings.*

Ophe. How should I your true loue know from another one,
By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone, *Song.*
At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.
O ho.

Quee. Nay but *Ophelia*.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountain snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke here my Lord.

Ophe. Larded all with sweete flowers,
Which bewcept to the ground did not go *Song.*
With true loue showers.

King. How do you pretty Lady?

Oph. VVell good dild you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter, Lord we know what we are, but know not what wee may be; God be at your table.

King.

3 hart g as her vinches

King. Conceit vpon her Father.

Ophe. Pray lets haue no words of this, but when they ask yo
what it meanes, say you this.
To morrow is S. *Valentines* day, Song.
All in the morning betime,
And I a mayd at your window
To be your Valentine.
Then vp he rose, and dond his close, and dupt the chamber doore
Let in the maide, that out a maide, neuer departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia*.

Oph. Indeed without an oath I'le make an end on't,
By gis and by Saint charity,
alack and fie for shame,
Young men will doo't if they come too't,
by Cock they are to blame.
Quoth she, before you tumbled me, you promisd me to wed,
(He answers) So should I a done by yonder sun
And thou hadst not come to my bed.

King. How long hath she beene thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well, we must be patient, but I cannot
chuse but weep to think they would lay him i'th cold ground, my
brother shall know of it, & so I thank you for your good counsell.
Come my Coach, God night Ladies, God night.
Sweet Ladies God night, God night.

King. Follow her close, giue her good watch I pray you.
O this is the poison of deep griefe, it springs all from her Fathers
death, and now behold, O *Gertrard, Gertrard*,
When sorrowes come, they come not single spies,
But in battalians: first her Father slaine,
Next, your sonne gone, and he most violent Author
Of his owne iust remoue, the people muddied
Thick and vnwholsome in thoughts, and whispers
For good *Polonius* death: & we haue done but greenly
In hugger mugger to inter him: poore *Ophelia*
Diuided from her selfe, and her faire iudgement,
Without the which we are pictures, or meere beasts,
Last, and as much containing as all these,
Her brother is in secret come from *France*,
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himselfe in clouds,

17 So would I Penult. Fraunce